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PAST AND PRESENT. In earlier days, in happier hours, I watched and wandered with the Sun : I saw him when the East was red;

I saw him when the day was dead-All his earthly journey done! Looks of love were in the West, But he passed-and took no rest! O'er the immeasurable blue. Across the rain, amid the blast, Onward and onward, like a god, Through the trackless air he trod,

Scattering bounties as he passed By the portal of the West-And never shut his eyes in rest! Oh, how-in those too happy hours-

How deeply then did I adore The bright, unwearied, sleepless Sun. And wish, just thus, my course to run-From sea to sea, from shore to shore, My deeds thus good, thus known, thus bright, Thus undisturbed by rest or night. But now-since I have heard and seen The many cares that trouble life,

The evil that requiteth good, The benefits not understood, Unfilial, unpaternal strife, The hate, the lie, the bitter jest, I feel how sweet are night and rest! And, oh! what morning ever look'd So lovely as the quiet eve,

When low and fragrant winds arise, And draw the custains of the skies, And gentle songs of summer weave : Such as between the alders creep, Now, and soothe my soul to sleep ! BARRY CORNWALL.

Letters from Italy.....No. XXII.

Foreign Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribane. THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK AND THE LADIES OF ITALY.

Rome, April, 1843. I said in my last letter I would speak of the manners of the Italian women, which was the cause of their being so universally admired by foreigners. This alone makes an immense differeace between an Italian and an American city. Broadway, with all its array of beauty, never inclines one to feel lively and merry, The ladies (the men are worse of course) seem to have come out for any other purpose than to enjoy themselves. Their whole demeanor is like one sitting for his portrait. Every thing is just as it should be, to be LOOKED at. Every lady wears a serious face, and the whole throng is like a stiff country party. The ladies in Italy on the contrary go out to be merry, and it is one perpetual chatter and laugh on the public promenades. The movements are all different, and the very air seems gay. I never went down Broadway at the promenade hour alone with the blues without coming back feeling bluer, while I never returned from a public promenade in Italy without rubbing my hands, saying to myself 'well this must be a very comfortable world after all, for people do enjoy themselves in it amazingly.' This difference is still more perceptible on personal acquaintance. An Italian lady never sits and utters common-places with freezing formality. She is more flexible, and indeed if the truth must be said, better natured and happier than too many of my countrywomen .-She is not on the keen look out lest she should fail to frown every time propriety demanded.

There is no country in the world where woman

way is so worshipped, and allowed to have her own as in America, and yet there is no country where she is so ungrateful for the place and power she occupies. Have you never in Broadway, when the omnibus was full, stepped out into the rain to let a lady take your place, which she most unhesitatingly did, and with an indifference in her manner as if she considered it the merest trifle in the world you had done? How cold and heartless her "thank ye," if she gave one! Dickens makes this same remark with regard to stage coachesso does Hamilton. Now, do such a favor for an Italian lady, and you would be rewarded with one of the sweetest smiles that ever brightened on a human countenance. I do not go on the principle that a man must always expect a reward for his good deeds; yet, when I have had my kindest offices as a stranger, received as if I were almost suspected of making improper advances, I have felt there was little pleasure in being civil. The "grazie Signore," and smile with which an Italian rewards the commonest civility, would make the plainest woman appear handsome in the eyes of a foreigner. They also become more easily animated, till they make it all sunlight around them. They never tire you with the same monotonous aspect, but yield in tone and look to the passing thought, whether it be sad, or mirthful; and then they are so free from all formality, and so sensitively careful of your feelings. I shall never forget one of the first acquaintances I made in Italy. I was at the Marquis de Negro's one evening, conversing with some gentlemen, when the Marquis came up and wished to introduce me to a beautiful lady-indeed she was the most beautiful Italian woman I have ever seen. I detlined, saying I did not understand the Italian language well enough to converse with so beautiful a woman, "for you know (said I) one wants to say very clever things in such a case, and a blunder would be crucifying." "Pooh pooh," said he, "come along "-and taking me by the shoulders led me along and forced me down into a chair by her side, saying, "Now talk." If she should have blundered beyond redemption; but the Marquis's performance entirely restored my confidence, and I stumbled along in the Italian for half an hour, without her ever giving the least intimation, by look or word, that I did not speak it with perfect propriety.

Give me also your Italian lady to smooth over at every toast, and, unaccustomed to our strong mines, they soon became boozy, and did not bc.

The iron steamer, for the Topographical Engineers, to be used in exploring harbors and in making surveys, is fast verging toward completion. [Buff. Gez.

## VHW-YORK DALY TRR

OFFICE NO. 160 NASSAU-STREET. BY GREELEY & McELRATH.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1843. VOL. III. NO. 173.

> Correspondence of the Albany Evening Journal. I sit down to write you a letter-only think!

A letter from France, with French pens and French ink." We got into the docks at 12 o'clock, and I set foot on the soil of "La Belle" France amid the chatterings of men, monkeys and parrots, all in languages alike unintelligible. I feel, far more sensibly than I expected, the embarrassment and mortification and reproach of being ignorant of language which has become so universal. My first impulse was to return, instead of attempting to travel deprived of two of the senses-for deprived I am, in all that can interest or instructof the sense of hearing and of speech. The ears and tongues of those who neither understand nor speak French, are quite useless. We are even wine flowed into the poor fellow's bosom with worse off than mutes, for they have a language such inimitable naivéte, that I burst into an inof signs. It is on such occasions as these that we realize and lament the waste of time. A very few of the hours and days and weeks that I have equandered, directed to the acquirement of the French language, would have now spared me the mortification of traveling through France virtually deaf and dumb! But these regrets, so far as my own enjoyment is concerned, are wholly unavailing. Should others, however, read this Letter, let them be admonished to learn the French language, which can always be done without interference with other studies. With such a knowledge of French as may be acquired from the Books, a few days residence in France, to accustom the ear to its pronunciation, enables

the student to speak fluently and with ease. There is searcely any thing worth a traveler's attention at Havre. I am far more interested positions of the sand-bars. Vessels are frequently here with the People than the place. I had only seen the French individually. Here I encounter Telemaque, a vessel containing the money and them as a Nation. We know that they are constitutionally a gay, polite and amusement-seeking race; but their gayeties, politeness and frivolity far exceed my expectations. You will infer. on landing at Havre, from the numbers of monkeys and parrots upon the docks, that these were the main articles of French commerce. And in walking through the streets, from the endless variety of gewgaws and frippery displayed in shopwindows, you would suppose that the French people were given over to levity and lightness .-As for the People themselves, they seem to be living without responsibility or care. In strolling through the place, I find nobody anxious or thoughtful-nobody miserable or even unhappy. And the few mendicants you see, come, not with wo-begone faces and pitcous tale, but seek to amuse you with the tricks of a monkey, a white mouse, a young alligator, or some fantastical contrivance in mechanism.

On landing at Havre a traveler begins (especially if he comes from England) to experience some of the Custom-House annoyances and exactions which vex and plague you throughout Europe. Our party, fortunately, had nothing contraband but a few segars, on which they made us pay a second duty; but the "searching operations" upon others were rigid and inquisitorial. A lady from Ireland who came here to educate her children, brought a trunk full of clothes, upon each and every article of which she was required to pay a duty amounting, in most cases, to more than the articles would have cost her ready made, and in all cases, more than the ma-

Havre is spoken of as a modern town, though founded some half century before the discovery of America. It has derived most of its commercial importance from the trade with our country. There are no castles or monuments here, and but few historical associations. There are but few hours in twenty-four when large vessels can get in or out of the docks, which are capable of receiving 250 ships. There are American or Eng lish partners in most of the shipping houses here and the English language is more spoken here than in any other town in France. Havre was a point of considerable interest during the early wars between France and England. The Duke of Richmond embarked from this port in 1485. with 4,000 men furnished by Charles VIII., and with whom, backed by the forces which had joined him after he had landed at Milford-Haven, e encountered and overthrew the usurper and tyrand Richard the Third. Shakspeare, you will remember, makes Ratcliff report the rumored em- odors.

" Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast Rideth a putsant Navy; to the shore Throng many doubtful, hollow-hearted friends, Unarm'd and unresolved, to beat them back; 'Tis thought that Richmond is their Admiral, And there they hull, expecting but the aid Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore

The Huguenots surrendered Havre to Queen Elizabeth in 1562, but the English, under the Earl of Warwick, were subsequently driven out by a besieging army commanded by the Constable Montmorency. The fleet of William III. made an unsuccessful attempt to re-capture the place in 1694. And in 1796 Sir Sidney Smith, in attempting to cut out a French ship from under its batteries, got upon the sand banks, and was himself captured by some gun-boats.

English or American travelers, on landing at Havre, are required to go personally before the Mayor, who receives their passports and gives them a temporary permit for Paris, whither the originals follow them.

We left Havre this morning at 8 o'clock in the steamer for this place, which is about 90 miles. There were from 250 to 275 passengers, with a sprinkling of monkeys, parrots and poodles .-There is no regulation here, which prohibits "smoking abaft the wheel." Some twenty or thirty French gentlemen, with huge mustachoes, are puffing their segars in the faces of a hundred ladies. Such an exhibition of bad taste and illmanners, in America, would have furnished John Bull with chapters for at least a dozen books; but in France they pass such things by without

The day was bright and the passage up the beautiful Seine exceedingly pleasant. The bay, at the mouth of the river, is seven miles wide. We stopped at HONFLEUR, (one of the towns in France made classical in the "Sentimental Jour nev.") to receive passengers. It is a dirty-looking place, with 10,000 inhabitants, whose principal cellent fruit here, some of which (melons and peaches) was brought on board. There are several towns on the Seine enjoying considerable sels at their wharves. There is much rural beautv along its banks; but in Agriculture France is ca. The various products of the soil are cultivated in patches instead of fields. The country seems divided into gardens rather than farms .-There are no fences here, as with us, nor hedges,

When the donkey gets loaded, (some eight or Letters from Mr. Weed . . . . No. XXVII. wheat is transferred to a clumsy wagon and drawn lazily hence by three French ponies, tandem, to the granary! In this way a dozen people consume a day in harvesting an acre. Two-thirds of the persons I saw at work in the fields were

At 12 o'clock the passengers began to order their breakfasts, which are served, as in their Cafes, in small rooms upon the guards of the boat. The breakfasts generally consisted of red wine, a mutton-chop and bread. A few ordered coffee instead of wine, and some added butter to their bread; while others substituted a boiled egg for the mutton-chop. As there were more than 200 persons to be provided for in this way, the culinary department displayed much activity for two or three hours. I have known people, however, whose fastidiousness would have preferred a long fast to a breakfast upon plates and with knives and forks that had served twenty others without having been removed from the table.

There are several very pleasant towns along the Seine, the prettiest of which is Candebec, that seems, in passing, like a beautifully painted landscape. All around Candebec you see lovely Villas and Chateaux. This town was taken by the English, under the Earls of Talbot and Warwick, in 1419. Quillebouf, an old town with considerable shipping at its docks, is situated upon a projecting promontory, and shows very conspicuously. The navigation of the Seine, at this point, is difficult and dangerous, on account of the rapidity with which the tides change the lost here. During the French Revolution the jewels of Bourbon Princes, was wrecked and sunk here. These immense treasures are talked of, coveted, and sighed for, here, as is the specie supposed to have been swallowed in the British ship-of-war sunk near Hurl-Gate during our Re-

There are clusters of hamlets along the river, all enjoying the shade of fine groves, where the peasantry seem passing lives as pastorally, tranquil and happy as falls to the lot of man. Indeed, passing up this charming river, I saw many cottages the grace and beauty of which awakened sensations as delightful as those expressed so sweetly and melodiously by Moore :-

"I know by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd Above the green elms, that a cottage was near, And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world, The heart that is humble, might hope for it here.'"

This place (Rouen) is the capital of ancient Normandy, and is second only to Paris in historic associations; and in some respects scarcely second even to Paris. Under the auspices of Capt FUNK, the excellent and popular commander of the packet ship Bultimore, who had just arrived from New-York, and who accompanied us to Paris, we visited the numerous objects of interest in and about Rouen. In going to our Hotel we passed through several long, narrow, dark, damp streets, rudely paved, and without side. walks, whose high gable-faced buildings at the arch, and to exclude all but some feeble rays of heaven's light and air. Arrived at the Hotel I was shown into the fifth story of a most antiquated building. The stairs were of stone, into which foot-steps have worn several inches. The bed-room is paved with a species of brick, octagonal in form, and of variegated colors. There is an oaken table and two rude chairs in my room, that are probably as old as our good City of Albany. Rough, though very ancient, is not, in any respect a ruin. It is a busy, bustling, thrifty town. Its commerce is large, and its manufactures very considerable; and it contains a population of 92,000. The Seine spreads out 1.000 feet here, and Rouen has docks and wharves for 250 vessels. Along the Quay the old buildings have been demolished, and replaced by blocks of spacious and massive yellow marble. These modern structurues present a beautiful front or facings, for an interior of dark, devious, desolate, winding labyrinths, from which a stranger extricates himself with difficulty. In walking through the centre parts of Rouen you encounter bad pavements, all sorts of filth, and the most villamous

Our first visit was to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a vast and venerable pile, "whose frown," (as Counsellor Phillips said of Napoleon.) "terrifies the glance his magnificence attracts." Without attempting to describe this splendid Church, let me remind you of some of its associations .-One of its tall spires was destroyed by lightning in 1822, in the place of which, somebody's bad taste suggested a long, horrid looking iron tube or chimney, which now deforms and mars the view. The first Duke of Normandy was buried here in the 13th century. The heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the bodies of his brothers, Henry and William, and of their uncle, the Duke of Bedford, were interred here. During the French Revolution, the enormous Bell, together with the Coffins in which several of the Cardinals, &c. had been interred, were taken away and melted into cannon and coins by the Revolu-

The Bibliotheque Publique of Rouen contains 33,000 volumes, among which is a richly ornamented manuscript history of the Normans, written in the twelfth century. The Musee des Antiquites is rich in curiosities, and no stranger should pass Rouen without seeing them. In this collection, you see the door of the house in which Corneille was born. It windows are all of the painted glass from suppressed Convents, Churches, &c., and form a chronological series from the 13th to the 14th century. Among the Autographs, is the 'mark' of William the Conqueror, who could not write! There are also the signatures of Richard Cœur de Lion and several Norman Princes. Adjoining this building is a Mucum of Natural History.

The Church of St. Jervais is supposed to be the oldest in Rouen, and one of the first Chri an edifices in France. Its Roman tile and its style of masonry authorize a belief that its const uc-William the Conqueror, suffering from the wound received at Nantes, retired to the Monastery of St. Gervais to die, deserted by friends, plundered

There is a very miserable statue near the Place de la Pucelle, which indicates the spot where the heroine, Joan D'ARC, was burned alive as a sorceress in 1531. The Quarterly Review, in an article vindicating the character of this christian enthuevidently a century behind England and Ameri- siast and martyr, says that she was sacrificed in the presence of Cardinals, Priests, and a multitude of People; that while the flames were circling around her she held up the emblem of her faith and died expressing her faith in the truth of as in England. You see but few cattle or sheep, her mission. In prison she was subjected to inand no hogs. A Farmer of Western New-York, sult, treachery and outrage. She was dragged to who dashes into his hundred acre wheat field trial without counsel, and brow-beaten by her with a force sufficient to cut, rake, bind and brutal judges. But shameful as was the injustice can have no stronger argument in his favor, and trash it in two or three days, would be infinitely of England toward this illustrious maiden, they should need no stronger incentive to single heart mote the welfare of this lovely that the primitive mode of heavesting in were not alone cruel and removed to the stronger incentive to single heart. amused with the primitive mode of harvesting in were not alone cruel and remorseless. Her accu- ed patriotism than this unwavering, unqualified France. Here the wheat is all cut with the ser, her unjust judge, and the false priest who, trust of the people. sickle, and then bound by women, who place the under the guise of friendship, acted the spy, were sheaves in a sort of scraggy rack upon the back Frenchmen. And even Charles VII, who owed of donkeys, that move along behind the reapers. his throne to her enthusiasm and gallantry, ex. coincidence, which he looked on as most deci-

tended neither his protection nor his sympathy to ten small sheaves in each of his wooden saddle. her. Some twenty years after her death, her inbags.) he is marched off to the road, where the | nocence was proclaimed, and the French, having become masters of Rouen, raised a cross on the spot where she had been bound to the stake.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

WHOLE NO. 794.

It was at Rouen that Henry VIII. attended by Cardinal Wolsey, had an interview with Francis I. The House in which Corneille was born stands in the Rue de la Pie, and a splendid statue in honor of that great writer is seen at the end of the beautiful Bridge over the Seine.

Rouen is the Lowell of France. Its Manufactories furnish employment for 50,000 people.

I have been trying to stop this sufficiently long varn, but my pen has kept running, with a sort of cork-leg pertinacity, until it has at last exhausted the patience of those whose good nature may have beguiled them half-way through a 'thricetold tale.' So now I'll to bed, in a cell strong and gloomy, and old enough to have been some unlucky wight's prison house three or four hundred years ago.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH SOFTLY woo away her breath. Gentle Death! Let her leave thee with no strife.

Tender, mournful, murmuring Life! She hath seen her happy day: She hath had her bud and blossom: Now she pales and shrinks away, Earth, into thy gentle bosom !

She hath done her bidding here, Angels dear! Bear her perfect soul above, Seraph of the skies-sweet Love ! Good she was, and fair in youth, And her mind was seen to soar, And her heart was wed to truth: Take her, then, for evermore-For ever-evermore! BARRY CORNWALL

Glimpses of Europe ..... No. VII.

BY A TRAVELING NEW-YORKER. From the Special Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

To learn the real character, feelings, and habits of a people, a traveler must turn aside from their cities, their curiosities, and even their great men, and talk with that portion of them who have not been rubbed down into the uniformity of seashore pebbles, by the attrition of education and polished society. The lower classes of a nation alone preserve its original peculiarities, and they express its real sentiments. In Ireland I have found this to be especially true. The higher classes here are English, in habits and feelings the populace alone retain their nationality.

A peasant who drove me from Colerain to Londonderry, (here called "Derry,") was a true Irishman in his mixture of humor and poetry, shrewdness and simplicity. Several of his friends had emigrated to America, and prospered there. but he said, "I would rather lay my bones in the Methuselah and Crossus in a furrin country."-Still he made many inquiries about the chances of success in the United States; and I took the opportunity of impressing upon him, for the benefit of himself and friends, the advice which you have so often and so justly urged upon emigrants, not to stop a day in any large city, where they are as little wanted as at home, but to hurry off to the Great West, where strong arms and willing hearts cannot fail eventually to prosper.

His prejudices against the English were equally strong. We were passing through Ballukelly. a very beautiful and flourishing village, owned by the Fishmonger's Company of London .-They had received it, like the other London Companies, as what in Wall street is called "collateral security" for a royal loan. By the terms of their bargain, they were bound to expend on the land all its returns, after paying themselves the interest of their loan. They seem to have done so most faithfully, for the land is very highly improved, and studded with school-houses. churches and hospitals. The place far surpassed any thing around it; but on all this my Irish driver turned a jaundiced eye, and could see no beauty in it, for it was "all English work."

But ta all the old traditions of the country he was keenly sensitive. Soon after leaving Colerain, we passed the ruins of Drummacorse church a faultless specimen of the picturesque, with its mouldering fragments of wall, and pointed windows, perfectly covered by a mantle of the most luxuriant ivy. My unaffected admiration of it opened his heart, and after premising that this was one of the churches built by Saint Patrick in every county in Ireland, he went on to tell the story of these ruins, while I made a hasty sketch. "In coors, sir, when you was at Dunluce castle," he began, "you heard all about the fighting of the McQueelans and the McDonalds." "Oh yes, I know all about them." "Well then, sir," he resumed, "here they had a very fierce battle. But as ill luck would have it, the daughter of the McDonald loved the son of the McQueelan. They met here the night before the battle, and she gave him a feather, which she had worked all over herself, to wear in his cap that she might know him in the crowd. She watched the fight from the tower of the church. and there's a bit of it lying beside the road .-The McQueelans were badly beaten that day, and she saw the young man full. They laid him beside a clare sthrame-and there it is, sir-and when they came the next morning to lift him, they found her lying dead beside him. They buried them together in the same grave, just under tion was commenced as early as the 4th century. | that big tree you see there on that little green hill." There is a morsel of romance for you, which you are doubtless too busy in President-making to do sand dozen to England weekly. They raise ex- by dependants, and abandoned even by his own justice to, but which you may hand over to some poet, to be framed and glazed in melodious verse

Unlike the generality of his countrymen in the North of Ireland, my hero was a Repealer .-He did not know exactly what Repeal was, but only that it was "something for the good of ould Ireland." The implicit and thorough confidence of the people in O'Connell is most extraordinary. Some one entered into a dispute with this man about the truth of his religion. His reply was, And sure, is n't O'Connell a Catholic? And isn't he a knowledgeable man? And would he believe it, then, if it was n't true?" O'Connell

dedly a "special Providence." A very old cross in Dungannon, said to have been placed there by Saint Patrick, was pulled down about thirty years ago, by some violent zealots, six in number. Within twelve months every man concerned lost a son; three being hung, two drowned, and one breaking his neck.

Not far from that locality was the castle of Harry Aggry, who had a pig-faced daughter .-He fed her in a golden trough, and offered her weight in gold to any one who would marry her. Many went up to the castle, but the sight of the snout outweighed the gold.

Such are some of the stories current among the Irish people. Trifling as they are, they are a better index to their character than a dozen highflown speeches in Parliament. Car-riding is a curious operation. You may

have seen the vehicle, which has been exported to America. It is like two sofas placed back to back on two wheels. You ride sidewise, seeing every thing on one side and nothing on the other. If you are the only passenger, you slide down to the horse in descending a hill, and then slip down to the other end again on an ascent. If you have any one beside you, he and you must take turns in being cushion for the other to lean on. One great advantage is that you can jump off or on at your pleasure; but to counterbalance that, your limbs are in constant jeopardy from passing vehicles. Indeed I once saw two cars come in contact with such violence that one of the passengers had his leg broken short off below the knee. Luckily it was only a wooden one.-The "inside cars" are of a higher order of gentility. In them the two sofas are placed front to front, so that the vehicle much resembles a small omnibus with the top cut off.

The country from Colerain to Derry, has much rural beauty of the English character, but its very small fields and farms divided and subdivided till they cecome mere potato-patches, remind you of one of the greatest causes of the misery of Ireland-its over-population. The inhabitants rush heedlessly into matrimony, and trust to luck for bread-They feel, as indeed one of them said to me, that they will never be better able to marry than at the present moment, even most unfit as that is. The result then follows, that there are more mouths than they have potatoes to put into them. But this is not the fault of the soil, for that is most fertile, nor of their laziness, for I have seen the cotter digging by the light of the moon in his little spot of ground, but it is the sad result of the insufficient reward of labor. With us, a pair of strong and willing arms are eagerly sought after, and well paid. Here, their owner is a burden to the community.

This is the great evil, and its remedy is plain. The price of every thing is proportioned to the supply and the demand. Of labor, (which is a commodity as much as wheat or beef,) the supply is here large and the demand small. We cannot diminish the former, and we must therefore try to increase the latter. We have the hands there. and we must find, or make work for them .-A few American Railways, strewn through the country, would do immense good to the workless inhabitants. I have found this acknowledged by some of the most enlightened noblemen of Ireland, who have the conscientiousness to reside upon their estates. But to effect this, capital is necessary; the Imperial Parliament will do nothing, and moneyed-men doubt the security. A Parliament of their own, would foster the interests of the Island, and this would be one good result of a Repeal of the Union, though I question whether capitalists would then be more willing

than now to advance the necessary funds. Another source of useful employment would be in reclaiming the vast bodies of land now mere turf-bogs, or covered at high tide by the sea .-Some such operations on a small scale have been conducted with great success; but as to extension, they are in the same predicament as railways. Few farmers venture to improve even their own farms, for if they did, at the end of their lease, the landlord would have the right (or rather the power) and too often the inclination, to take their improvements without any compensation. Unhappily few land-workers here are land-owners, and our independent farmers cannot realize the vast difference thus caused in their condition .-To remedy this in some degree, the occupiers of land in Ireland are earnestly petitioning for what they call "a fixity of tenure," which would insure to the tenant, at the expiration of his lease, the just benefit of his own labor and expenditure in permanent improvements. Leases would then be given for a fixed number of years, and not, as now, for "three lives;" a custom which makes the period as uncertain as the chances of life, for the lease may then last for fifty years, or may end to-morrow, by the sudden death of those on whose lives it depends. This is one of the great benefits hoped for from Repeal.

The tithe system does not seem to me to work the injustice which is usually attributed to it .-Tithes are really the rent of the land, which formerly belonged to the clergy, and which has been given up by them to the people for the consideration of one-tenth of its annual products. The tithe is not paid for the services of the clergy, for then it would be too glaringly unjust to require it of the Catholics, but is paid for the use of their property. Whether they acquired that property justly is another question, which might be equally well put to every landed proprietor, Even as it is, the tenant does not pay it, but the landlord: and if he was relieved from it, he would pocket the difference; and this is proved by "tithe-free" land renting for as much more as the tithes

Absenteeism is, however, a real and a great evil, and a source of many of the lesser troop .-The noblemen and wealthy land holders of Ireland too generally reside in England or on the Continent, and spend there all the revenues of their estates. Their agents or "middle-men manage their property, and seek only to screw from the wretched tenants their last penny. This is an evil which Repeal would much diminish, and it would be one of its best results. Once thirty Irish noblemen had mansions in Sackville-street, Dublin; now there is not one. The Union destroyed their political and social importance, and they abandoned the country. Restore these to them, and they will return, and their revenues will circulate among those from whom they are derived. Any such measure, whether it bear the name of Repeal, or Union, or any thing, should be

From the same authority, I heard of a curious Georgia are represented to be exceedingly light; in many in-

have in the most gentlemanly manner conceivable. The ladies, of course, were very much shocked and mortified. One evening, soon after, at a 'conversazione,' the Marchioness of Balbi came to me to explain the matter. She said the gentlemen felt they must drink the toasts, or, as she expressed it, "per forza," and the wine was so strong that they were caught before they were well aware of it. One of her friends, she said, had been in England, and knew the effect of our wines; and so when he put the glass to his mouth, he let the wine run down into his vest, for he must (" per forza ") pretend to drink. Here she put on such a dolorous look, and passed her hands down her dress to show the way the

controllable fit of laughter. This same naiveté of manner extends itself everywhere. If you meet a beautiful peasant girl, and bow to her, she shows one of the finest set of teeth in the world, and laughs in the most perfect good humor. As I was once coming down from Mount Vesuvius, I passed an Italian lady with her husband, who by their attendants I took for persons of distinction. I had an immense stick in my hand, with which I had descended into ther crate. As I rode slowly by, she turned to me in the pleasantest manner, and said "ha un grande bastone, signore," (you have got a large cane, sir;) I certainly did not respect her less for her "forwardness"!! (civility,) but on the contrary felt I would have gone any length to have served

Indeed, this same freedom from the ridiculous frigidity, which in my country is thought an indispensable safeguard to virtue, is found every where in Europe. It has given me, when a solitary stranger, many a happy hour on the Rhine, and on the Mediterranean. Passing once from Civita Vecchia to Naples, in a steamer, on one of the most beautiful moonlight nights that ever slept on the blue Mediterranean, I formed an acquaintance I shall always remember. A Russian baron and lady, and a pretty young Finlandese, his niece, were on board. The old gentleman and his niece were sitting on deck enjoying the moonlight, and looking off on the shores of Italy and the islands past which we were speeding like a spirit; while I was slowly pacing backwards and forwards, thinking now of the sky, I was under, and now of the far home on which a colder moonlight was sleeping. The old baron soon accosted me, and after a short conversation I resumed my walk. Soon after we went into the cabin a ihort time, when passing by the Finlandess, she addressed me so pleasantly and lady-like, that I was perfectly charmed with her civility. Ah, said I to myself, a solitary stranger would have prome naded the deck of a vessel in my fatherland long, before one of my beautiful countrywomen would have uttered a word to cheer him, and make him long after bless her in his heart.

There are a great many scoundrels in the worldbut there are very few which a lady cannot distinguish from a gentleman. In the United States there is nothing more painful to a stranger, than to be reminded (as he continually is) that he is

The Italian has another attraction peculiar to the beings of warm climes -she possesses deeper emotions than those of colder latitudes, while she has less power to conceal them. The dark eve flashes out its love or its hatred as soon as felt; and in its intense and passionate gaze is an eloquence that thrills deeper than any language .-She is a being all passion, which gives poetry to her movements, looks, and words. It has made her land the land of song, and herself an object of interest the world over. A beautiful eye and eye-brow are more frequently met here than at home. The brow is peculiarly beautiful-not | barkation of Richmond to King Richard, thus: merely from its regularity, but singular flexibility. It will laugh of itself, and the slight arch always heralds and utters beforehand the piquant thing the tongue is about to utter; and then she laughs so sweetly. Your Italian knows how to laugh, and, by the way, she knows how to walk, which an American lady does not. An American lady walks better than an English woman, who steps like a grenadier, but still she walks badly. Her move-

Yet notwithstanding all this, beauty is more common at home than here. I will not speak of moral qualities, for here the "dark-eyed beauty" of Italy must lose in comparison; and indeed, with all her passionate nature, I do not think her capable of so lasting affection as an American. It is fiercer, wilder, but more changeable.

But I must close. I wished to have a stroke at our gentleman at home, but I have not room. As a mass, the strollers down Broadway are perfect barbarians in manners. Every man acts as if he was afraid his rights would be infringed upon, or somebody would question his personalimportance-and then such nods as familiar acquaintances give each other! Here they would be be noticed by the police, and a sharp look-out kept in expectation of some stiletto scene. The extreme civility here is not a thing of triffing moment, nor indeed any where. It does more than any one thing to make men feel kindly towards each other, and saves a hundred broils. An Italian goes out of his way, and waives his rights, to show what a gentlemanly regard he has for you. An American will rather be rude than yield a fraction, to show you how much he thinks of himself. The result is, extreme kindliness of manner here is universal, but at home bluntness. Here, a man's whole demeanor says, " your servant, sir," in all deeds of politeness; at home the had been half as much disconcerted as I was, I brusque air perpetually says, "I am as good a man as you are." I believe if we were not a the good-natured laugh with which she regarded very moral people, no police under heavens could prevent incessant quarrels. Transfer our manners into this hot-blooded region, and there would soon be an explosion. Kindliness of manner has more effect than we imagine to produce charitable feeling.

SINGULAR HONESTY .- A fellow by the name of Give me also your Italian lady to smooth over a disaster. One day several of the nobility had Nathan K was lately arrested in Fayette County, Ala, and carried before a justice of the peace for straling two been invited on board one of our ships of the ledged the deed, and said he intended to sell them to pay his debts. On being asked why, since he was so anxious to get the, the wine began to circulate pretty freely, and relieved from debt, he had not availed himself of the provi sions of the Bankrupt Law before its repeal, he replied, with toasts innumerable were drunk. The Italians the utmost self-complacency, "I am a man of too much hought it would be uncivil not to drain their glass."